glistened for a moment in his eye, and as it fell upon the coffin he fervently ejaculated:

"God have mercy upo 'by poor soul, my brother!"

And Bion said—

"*Amen!*"

* * * * * * *

And now we have but little more to tell.

Mr. Latham found no trouble in settling up the business which had been left in his hands; and when the various sums had been paid, and all squared up, Gideon Huntley received three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. That included the proceeds of the sale of the dwelling. The living brother felt that he could not live in it, even should he reside in the city.

When this was settled there came another settlement. A clergyman came and bade Bion Huntley take Cora by the hand. Then he said a few simple words, and——

Oh! what important words to them! Back, amid the scenes long agone, their thoughts wandered, and through the blissful hours of hope—through the seasons of darkness and of trial—through the happy years of childhood—on to the deeper love and more solemn pledges of youth—and still on, through love grown firmer and purer still—on, on, through doubts from without, but never a doubt of the truth that united them—never a doubt of the faith they had plighted—but through doubts which the orphan, wronged and traduced, can feel—onward and upward, with hope expanding—upward, upward still—into the light of a morning full of blissful promise—and then, as the diamond sand runs on, glittering in the new light—the full effulgence of glorious noonday bursts upon them in those happy, happy words that fall so simply from the preacher's lips; but yet, in falling, seal the bonds that unite forever two of the purest, noblest hearts that ever beat on earth!

Old Margery Grutt was permitted to witness the ceremony. She begged so hard that they could not refuse her. And after this she was well provided for, though she lived not long enough to enjoy the bounty of her friends. Her constitution was worn and shattered, and a sudden fever carried her off.

Mrs. Duncan, the mother of the dead boy, was provided for. A good house was secured, the rent for which Bion's banker was to see paid, and she commenced to keep boarders. The events of the past few months had removed the gloom and sadness from her soul, and health and strength came back with peace of mind.

Barrabas Lattimore one day took it into his head to try his hand at issuing some counterfeit bank-notes; but the public did not appreciate his endeavors to increase the facilities of trade by multiplying paper currency, so they took him to jail; and when they searched for the dies, and presses, and so on, they found them in a curiously contrived apartment upon the premises of a negro called "*Old Ivory.*" So Old Ivory was sent to keep the homely attorney company; and they were sentenced, upon trial and conviction, to a term of years in the State's Prison, which promised to embrace about the whole of the life that remained to them here on earth.

When the Good News next sailed Louis Fourber went as captain. The place was first offered to Jack Wallace, upon Bion's resignation; but he had worked enough at that rough life, and he had, moreover, promised Bion and Cora that he would remain near them.

It had been arranged that the whole party should seek out a home somewhere in the country, where they could live and labor as they pleased. There were Gideon Huntley and Arthur Greenwood; Bion and Cora; and Jack Wallace and his mother, who were to form the little community. They had resolved to go and take a look about the shores of the lake where Jack's cottage stood, and had made all the necessary arrangements for starting.

On the afternoon of the day previous to the one on which they were to set out, as the party sat in their room at the hotel, some one rapped at the door.

"Here's two black women say they must see you, sir," said the servant, addressing Mr. Huntley, senior.

"Let them come in."

And they came in—two females—one as black as night, while the other was less marked in color—both well advanced in life, but yet hale and hearty—and both as neat and clean as could be. The foremost one—she who had the lightest skin—cast her eyes over the room, and finally settled her gaze upon Gideon Huntley.

"Mas'r!" she cried, while her frame quivered, "don't you know me?"

"Lida?" uttered the old man, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes, Mas'r. It be your own Lida——"

"An' yer own Lizzy, too," interposed the other, with a convulsive utterance. "Don't ye know me, Mas'r?"

He did know them both, and he was glad to see them, for they were just the persons they needed at that time. When they saw Bion they knew him.

"Shouldn't I ought'r know him?" cried Lida, while the tears rolled down her dusky cheeks. "Aren't he missus all ober? Aren't he de berry pictur' ob him mudder?"

And when they knew that "mas'r" would take them, they danced and capered like two crazy women; and it was not until some minutes that they remembered that Bion was dead. However, the thing was explained to them, and when they had comprehended it, they, in turn, told how they had spent the last sixteen years in working hard for very ungenerous people, Mrs. Gambold having moved away in less than a year after they went to live with her. They went away, and got their clothes, and on the following morning were ready for the start. Lida had, by accident, seen an account in a paper of Gideon Huntley's regaining an estate which his brother had held for many years, and she resolved to go and see if it was not her old mas'r.

In due time the party reached the lakeside. And the section where stood the widow's cot was pronounced the most desirable of any. And there they made them a home. A noble mansion went up; broad fields were put under thrifty cultivation; and work and pastime were united. Hunting and fishing could be indulged in to almost any extent, and many a dainty meal was gathered from the lake and the forest. A fine, large yacht was built, and Jack took command, and he was never happier than when sailing his friends over the broad lake, and teaching Bion's bright-eyed little boy how to steer.

And so the end comes. Not the end of the joys we have seen grown up—no, no, but the end of our humble story. As for these joys, they grew deeper and brighter as each succeeding season rolled by. The three old men were growing to be children once more; Bion and Cora lived in the warm sunshine of a mutual love, that was as pure and strong as earth can bear; while their children, seeing and feeling only the most gentle and virtuous influences all about them, and basking in the light of holy love, could not but grow in grace and truth. Mrs. Wallace felt herself a sort of mother of the whole community, while Lida and Lizzy, growing old in years, but retaining the health and buoyancy of younger days, assume a guardianship over everything within doors. And the household could not be complete without them; for while they preserve a system and order of affairs at home that secures comfort to those about them, they conduct the thoughts of Gideon Huntley often into sweet and holy memories. They were with his angel wife when she died; they caught her last word of love for him; they were faithful and true; and she had loved them very much. And so he loved them now; and so he loved all about him; and so each loved the other; and Love and Peace were with them!

THE END.

"THE UNKNOWN DARK."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Why should we shudder at the shadowy gloom
Through which the spirit's pathway leads?
Oh, could the Fates devise a darker doom
Than *earth* imposes on the heart that bleeds?

The dreary darkness of the vales of Death
Must end in lands of loveliest light—
Why should we sigh, then, to retain the breath
That but exhales a wind whose burnings blight?

The years go by, each with a fiery brand
To stamp anew the fated heart;
While the cold wringing of its phantom hand
Tears all the clinging chords of love apart.

The mystic gloom! Perchance the earth-blest dread
Its name—but should *my* cheek grow pale?
No—icy rains beat on my homeless head,
And stormy winds around my bosom wail.

Then call me, Spirits! to your shadowy shore—
Though wild the way, I do not fear;
I shall be lone and weary there no more,
Nor sigh, nor shudder as I have done here.

Come, thou sweet Angel, with the calm, pale brow,
Thou that dost lead the worn to rest,
Come, guide me through the Vale of Shadows now,
Far to the starry Empire of the Blest.

THE TOWN PAUPER.

NANCY JAMESON'S HEROISM.

"Oh! Ella, Ella, look here! See grandpa' driving in his new carriage with that little queer-looking old woman by his side! Who can she be? Where has he picked up such a strange companion?"

"That's Aunt Nancy Jameson, Mildred. If you had been a month in Chichester you would have had no need to ask that question. Everybody here knows Aunt Nancy."

"But who is she, and why should grandpa' be driving out with her? Just see; because there has been a little shower in the night and the street is muddy, he is spreading the carriage apron over her faded calico dress as carefully as he would over one of grandma's rich silks. And now, as he bends forward and looks up into her face with that old-fashioned courtly manner of his, I am sure he is asking her if she is perfectly comfortable."

"Very likely, my dear, for grandpa' has the greatest respect for Aunt Nancy Jameson. He often takes her for a drive, and she is very grateful for the attention."

"But you have not told me who she is, Ella."

"No, and I cannot now, for I see Mattie Jones and her brother coming up the walk. You must ask grandma' when you go up to sit with her. She will tell you all about Aunt Nancy."

"I'll ask her, then, you may be sure, for my curiosity is a good deal excited. I am glad grandpa' can't find any such shabby, old, pauper-looking women to ride with when he comes to A. Ma' would be very much mortified to see him in such company there."

Mildred Cranston's remarks were suddenly brought to an end by the entrance of company, but she did not forget the subject: and as soon as they were gone she ran hastily up to her grandmother's room. In answer to her knock the sweet, tremulous voice of the aged woman bade her enter, and Mildred opened the door and went in.

Mildred had the eye of an artist, and she paused an instant beside the door to look at the picture before her. The large room, with a sunny, southern aspect, was exquisitely arranged. A soft carpet of delicate colors, in which blue predominated, covered the floor, the broad, high windows, each of which framed an exquisite view of the magnificent scenery of that picturesque mountainous region, were draped with curtains of heavy blue cloth falling in rich folds to the floor; the cushions of the chairs, and lounges, and the great sofa were of the same color, and, contrasting it beautifully, were the rich brown tints of the massive, time-darkened furniture.

A small, bright wood fire burned and crackled upon the hearth; for though it was a morning of early summer, the air, since the midnight shower, struck chill upon the sluggish life-currents of old Madam Sewall, and, near the hearth her chair was drawn, and beside it lay her knitting-basket, her spectacles, and two or three books, among which was the Bible which through the lengthened years of her pilgrimage had been her stay and support, and was never far from her side. Opposite her was her husband's chair, upon the plump blue cushion of which, taking advantage of her master's absence, his favorite tortoise shell cat was comfortably reposing.

Mildred thought it a beautiful picture, and her grandmother the most beautiful object of all. She had often heard it remarked: "What a beautiful woman Madam Sewall must have been in her youth," and then, in tones that indicated a sort of surprise, "and indeed she is very lovely still."

So she was a lovely woman, though she had passed the further boundary of man's allotted years. Her slight figure still held itself erect, unbent by time or suffering, and round it flowed in deep, heavy folds the rich, dim black silk such as she always wore, made in the fashion of a long past age. Her stomacher was laced over a snowy 'kerchief, and upon her hands and extending over her arms, which still shone white through the meshes, were netted mitts of black silk. Her complexion was still exceedingly fair, and her blue eyes undimmed in lustre, while her hair, white as new-fallen snow, lay in heavy bands on either side of her high, unwrinkled brow, and was but partially covered with a plain but tasteful cap. Her small feet, in high, red-heeled, velvet slippers, reposed upon a footstool of some dark wood, covered by a cushion of her own embroidery, which she boasted had been worked more than fifty years before.

There were many other specimens of her handywork in the apartment, conspicuous among which was the quilt of hundreds of infinitessimal, diamond-shaped patches of silk, which she had completed but a few months previously, and which now covered the high bed, beneath its canopy and curtains of blue, that occupied one side of the room.

Mildred's wish was, as she stood that instant beside the door, and saw her grandmother smiling, with that still beautiful smile, a welcome toward her, while the sunlight glorified her snowy hair and pale features, seeming to impart a spark of youth, "Would that I might be beautiful, like grandma', when I am old."

She forgot—as we are all prone to do—that only the impress of a pure, calm life of goodness makes the features of age lovely!

She went forward and kissed her grandmother, and then sat down upon the low chair by her side, which always stood ready to receive her grandchildren on their visits to her room.

Caressing the soft, white hand which only in the shrunken muscles that gave undue prominence to the delicate blue veins showed marks of age, and looking smilingly up into the face that smiled back again upon her Mildred—who was a very pretty girl and beautified the picture of that quiet room by the force of contrast—the contrast of her blooming youth, the rich tints of her cheeks, and lips, and hair, and brown, sparkling eyes, and floating pink muslin morning dress—to her grandmother's complexion and hair, her black robes, and the soft tints of the furniture.

Her grandmother was asking her many questions about her distant home and friends: for Mildred's visit to Chichester had been commenced but a day or two before, and Madame Sewall had not until then seen her, except in the presence of the family.

"I told your grandfather, Mildred, that I would like to have him take you with him on his drive this morning. He was going over to the North farm, along the brook road, and I knew how much you admired the views in that direction. But he said he called last evening and asked Aunt Nancy Jameson to go with him, and it gives her so much pleasure and does her so much good to ride, that he would not on any account have her disappointed."

"I would have liked the ride very much, grandma', and grandpa' is the most entertaining of companions. But I saw him driving down the street with the funniest little old woman, in a pinched bonnet and faded dress, that ever I saw. I think it must be a very unselfish act of benevolence to take such a queer-looking woman into his carriage."

"Mildred," replied her grandmother, gravely, "you are very young, and have been brought up in a city, and have attended fashionable schools; but I had hoped you had learned one very important lesson ere this. I am sorry to see that your education, in one respect, has been sadly neglected."

"Why, grandma', what have I said? What have I done?" inquired Mildred, ready to burst into tears at the tone of reproach and the grave expression upon her grandmother's face.

"This is the thing you have not learned, my child—that a person's exterior has nothing to do with his worth; and what you have done, is to speak disrespectfully and unkind of the aged."

"But I did not intend it, grandma'."

"I am sure of that, my dear. But I would have you cease to look upon dress as the criterion of worth, or of any human being's claims to kindness and attention. Your grandfather and myself have the highest respect for Nancy Jameson. We never think of her shabby dress, because we know her true nobility of heart. But don't cry, Mildred; the tone in which you spoke of one whom I value so highly and reverence so truly shocked me greatly, and I, perhaps, spoke more harshly than I ought, forgetting that you could know nothing of her except the shabby dress you saw."

"Don't say a word, grandma' dear. I am so sorry that I made sport of the poor old lady! I should have known that one whom you and grandpa' think worthy of attention like that is not to be mentioned slightingly. I wanted to ride with grandpa' this morning, and, when I saw him with that old lady, I felt so provoked that I said much harder things of her, down stairs, than I have here."

"Well, let that pass, now. You shall have your ride some day; and now, because I think the story will do you good, I will tell you some of the incidents of Nancy Jameson's life."

"Oh, do, dear grandma'. I am curious to know something about her. I am sure, by the way you speak of her, that her life has been quite romantic, and out of the common way."

"No, my child, it has not, except for its sufferings, its unselfishness and devotion to others. Had Nancy thought more of herself and of her own interests, she would not now have been, what she is, a town pauper."

"A town pauper! Oh, grandma', do you mean that this woman whom you and grandpa' respect so much is a town pauper—a beggar—living on public charity?"

"She is a pauper, my child, certainly," answered Madam Sewall, gravely, "and she lives on the public provision for the destitute. But I never in my life heard of her being a beggar—at least, not for herself. But as I see the prejudices in which you have been educated still cling to you, I will tell you the story, and you may then judge for yourself if even an old pauper, in a faded gown and pinched bonnet, may not be worthy of respect."

Madam Sewall took up her knitting from the basket, and bidding Mildred go on with the bit of fancy work which she held in her hand, she commenced her story.

"Nancy Jameson and I were girls together, for Nancy is but little younger than myself. Our fathers were neighbors and friends, and both men of mark in the town and county. We went together to the little summer school, and in winter learned together at my mother's side, when we were children, and shared all our toys and sports, and together we grew to womanhood, and began, ere we were aware of having attracted much attention, so retired and secluded were our lives, here in this remote mountain district, to be known all over the country as the 'two belles of Chichester.'

"Of course we had many lovers, but neither of us was in haste to marry. In those days, my child, a young woman of our class would have thought it a shame to marry, until her own hands had prepared stores of snowy linen, and warm blankets and coverlets, with great, plump feather beds enough to fill her husband's house with all that was needed in that line. So we could not marry, as too many silly creatures do in these times, when they are scarcely more than children, too immature in judgment and self-knowledge, as well as experience and observation of human character, to know what qualities in a companion will best secure their happiness, and so delicate from bad habits of living, and so undeveloped, physically, as to be utterly unfit for the responsibilities they so thoughtlessly assume.

"I was twenty-five when I married your grandfather, and I had been engaged to him nearly five years. I was determined not to marry until I had the best table-linen and bedding in all Chichester, and he wanted to get a clear deed of the old North farm, so that we could be sure of a good home for ourselves and the children we hoped would be given us. For, Mildred, women in those days thought children a blessing, and were not always dreading a family, and talking about the trouble of staying at home for little ones, as some of those fine ladies, who visited your mother when I was last in A., shocked me by doing.

"So, when I was twenty-five and your grandfather was twenty-seven, we married, and we did not take a 'bridal tour,' nor have any 'bridal presents,' except the deed of the out-lot that old Squire Sewall gave my husband on his wedding-day, and the substantial furniture that my father and mother had sent to the new house on the North farm some days before. We went right home as soon as we were married, and there, in that very spot, we lived for more than forty years. There all our children were born—there three of them died—there all the others, except your uncle Samuel, were married. We never left there until Samuel insisted that we should come and live with him, ten years ago.

"But I am forgetting about Nancy Jameson. About the time I was married, she went away to visit some relatives who lived in Boston, and I remember that when she had been gone several months, I was one day reproaching myself, in the presence of your grandfather, for feeling the absence of my friend so little. And he laughed, and told me that he should think it a poor compliment if I did not find the society of my husband sufficient for me, at least for one year. Then I knew why I missed Nancy so little.

"Nevertheless, I was very glad to see her when she came back, and pleased to see, too, how radiant her face was with her new happiness. For she had brought home a lover from Boston—a fine, dashing-looking man, with a saucy air and a flashing black eye, that at times had something wicked in its glance. At least my husband once reproved me for saying so.

"It was early summer when they came, and after Mr. Lytton's visit ended, and he had returned to Boston, Nancy told me they were to be married in the fall.

"All summer the preparations for this marriage went on. Nancy wove the fine linen yarn which she had spun the winter before into the most beautiful cloth you ever saw, and she bleached it in the meadow beside the brook, where I used to see her go every day, and wet the long webs as they lay upon the grass, and showed whiter and whiter every morning.

"There were numerous quiltings at Deacon Jameson's that summer, and I often ran over in the afternoon to help Nancy at some of her work, and always found her busy and singing in the excess of her happiness.

"Several times in the course of the summer Mr. Lytton came to visit her. At first she seemed overflowing with joy whenever he came, but toward fall a shadow seemed to fall upon her face. She would not acknowledge any sadness, and I was forced to believe that it was but the thought of her coming responsibilities.

"It was early in September, I think, that I saw Mr. Lytton ride past my door one afternoon, and thought that the time of the marriage would be fixed at this visit. The next afternoon, about the same time, I put on my bonnet and ran across the fields towards Deacon Jameson's, for a little chat with Nancy. The path lay along the brookside, and when I got to where the great, drooping elm stood, with such a cluster of bushes at its feet, I thought I heard voices. One of them I was sure was Lytton's, but the woman's voice was so low that I could not distinguish more than its faintest tones. Supposing, however, that it could be only Nancy, I called out—

"'Nancy, I was just going over to see you; but as you are here I will go back again,' for I did not wish to intrude by joining them.

"But to my surprise the voices ceased, and there was no reply. Thinking only of a little sport, I pushed aside the bushes, and sprang down upon the sandy beach of the brook, close beside the pair who sat there, upon one of the mossy roots of the old elm. Both of them started up as I appeared, Lytton's face glowing, and his eyes flaming with anger, while his companion, Jerusha Jameson, a pretty child of sixteen, hung her head and blushed, while she nervously pulled at the strings of her sun-bonnet.

"It was only the manner of the pair that aroused suspicion, as after due apologies I turned away and pursued my walk; for there surely was nothing wrong in Lytton's taking a stroll in the fields with the child, as we all called her, who was so soon to be his sister. Nevertheless, a conviction which I could not repress assured me that what I had seen boded some wrong to poor Nancy.

"When I reached the house, I found Nancy seated alone in her chamber, pretending to sew upon one of her new table-cloths, while the tears were rolling over her cheeks. I saw that something had occurred to distress her, but hoped it was nothing connected with her sister. Presently she told me that Lytton had talked of delaying the marriage until spring, and added that she felt mortified about it, because it had been talked about so much as likely to occur soon. I tried to hope, to believe that she had no other cause of trouble. She told me that Lytton had gone to fish in the brook, and as I came away I heard Mrs. Jameson inquiring for Jerusha, who, she said, had been gone all the afternoon.

"That very night Lytton left Deacon Jameson's, and Jerusha, poor, deluded child, accompanied him. In about ten days a letter came from Jerusha, saying she was married to Lytton, and begging the forgiveness of her parents and of Nancy. She said she knew she had deceived and ill-treated them all, but especially her sister, but she was sure Nancy never had loved Lytton as she did.

"Nancy showed me this letter, and when she came to that part, I never shall forget the tearless agony of her white face as she read those cruel words. She assured me she forgave them both, and begged that the subject might not again be alluded to between us. Afterwards I found that she had prevailed over the stern prejudices and the deep anger of her Puritan parents, and they had forgiven their child. Before the autumn rains commenced several loaded wagons left Deacon Jameson's yard, one morning, for Boston. They contained the furniture which, according to the custom of the time, had been purchased for Nancy, and which, by her request, they were sending to her sister; and I afterwards learned that all Nancy's stores of snowy linen and household gear, prepared by her own hand, had accompanied the furniture—her own free gift, with her love' to her sister.

"Nancy had many offers after it was thought she had recovered from her 'disappointment,' but she declined them all, and continued to live on in her father's house. From time to time Jerusha and her husband came to visit the old homestead, and sometimes they were accompanied by beautiful children, who were the especial favorites of Aunt Nancy; the only persons ever allowed to disturb the prim ways into which, with advancing years, she had unconsciously fallen.

"Some twenty years after Jerusha's marriage Deacon Jameson died. The property, which was large, was equally divided between the two daughters; and Nancy continued to reside in the old farm-house alone, for her mother died previously to her father.

"Nothing of any importance to the story occurred for some years more. Nancy cultivated the farm and attended to her dairy, and, it was said, laid up money, though she was ever kind and liberal to all. One morning a letter from Jerusha, who had not once visited the old farm-house since the death of her parents, and seldom wrote to Nancy, was brought her. It contained startling tidings.

"Lytton, who had never been a man of good principles, as his conduct to Nancy sufficiently shows, had in later years fallen into habits of dissipation, and especially had become addicted to gaming. Jerusha's share of her father's fortune had come opportunely to save him from ruin, but, with the habits of life to which he had yielded himself, such a sum provided only temporary relief. Jerusha wrote that she knew not how they lived for some years, but now the final crash had come. Lytton had forged a note upon a well known firm, which he had presented at a bank and got cashed, perhaps in some insane hope of redeeming it before it became due. But the forgery had been discovered.

"One only hope remained. For the sake of his family the firm were willing to refrain from prosecution, in case he would refund the money, and Jerusha wrote imploring her sister's aid, 'not for her sake,' she said, 'or Lytton's, but for her children.'

"Nancy was not one to hesitate. All the savings of her years of industry were at once withdrawn from the bank, and forwarded to her sister, and when the sum was found to be far from sufficient, she executed a mortgage on the old homestead for the remainder.

"The money had been incautiously sent to her sister, and fell into the hands of Lytton. Prompted by some fiend, this bad man resolved to desert his family, and with this sum, so unexpectedly gained, to flee the country. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was far out at sea.

"'Misfortunes come not single spies, but in battalions.' Jerusha's eldest daughter, taking advantage of the distress which reigned in the household, went out one morning and was married to an unprincipled adventurer, the companion of her father's vices, and one whom he had himself introduced to his family. The only remaining child, a son of sixteen, who, with his sister, only of all Jerusha's children survived infancy, was ill; and in an enfeebled condition his mother brought him back to the old homestead. A cold taken upon the journey, or some accident, aggravated his illness. A long struggle ensued; and when, at length, he rose from his bed of pain, it was with the consciousness that he was a cripple for life.

"Not long after, the old homestead was sold, by a foreclosure of the mortgage; and Nancy, with but a pittance of her once ample fortune, removed with her nephew and sister to a little cottage upon North farm, which your grandfather insisted upon her occupying, rent-free.

"Here she lived many years, toiling to support the helpless ones depending upon her, for Jerusha was too much broken in health and spirits to be aught but a burden to her sister; and the sick boy required constant care and expensive attendance.

"It was many years before death came in to relieve her. First died Jerusha, and soon after the son, and Aunt Nancy, as everybody in Chichester had long learned to call her, was left alone. She had grown old, and trouble and toil had reduced her strength. Her little pittance was long since exhausted, and when, after a little time, it was found that her health had become permanently undermined, she determined, though her numerous friends in Chichester remonstrated anxiously against it, to become a town charge. To the public charity she said she had a right. She had paid taxes for many years when she had property, and now she would be but receiving back her investment. Finding she was determined, we all yielded at last, and Aunt Nancy laid her necessities before the selectmen.

"The saddest trial of all was to subject herself to the custom which puts the town paupers up at auction, to be bidden off by, not the highest, but the lowest, bidder. But even to this Aunt Nancy submitted with resignation, and in the same spirit accompanied her purchaser to the home, made comfortable, often without her knowledge, by the kindness of her numerous friends.

"Aunt Nancy has lived in this way for several years. No one respects her less, nor is she, perhaps, less happy, as a town pauper, than toiling for the helpless ones she soon hopes to meet in another world.

"Now tell me, Mildred, do you not think Aunt Nancy a heroine, and worthy even of your reverence in spite of shabby clothes and her queer bonnet?"

"Indeed I do grandma'," Mildred answered, and her beautiful eyes glistened with tears: "Indeed I do; and I only wish that I felt within me the consciousness of half the capacity for deeds of real heroism. I thank you, dear grandma', for your story, and I feel sure I shall profit by it in my judgment of those I meet in different walks in life from my own."

MYSTIFICATION.

Old Barty Willard was a wheelwright by trade, and though an excellent workman, was remarkable for his habit of procrastinating. He would promise, and then break his engagement over and over again, with as little scruple and as many "positively lasts" as a theatrical star. Having pledged his word to a very urgent customer for the third time, that he would have his cart done by a certain day, Barty again failed to keep his engagement, and, on the arrival of the owner, the cart was still unfinished. "Well," said the customer, "you have got my cart done by this time, of course." "Yes," said Barty, "I had done the work, and supposed it was quite ready for you, when I discovered I had made a mistake—a very unaccountable mistake—that will put me back for a fortnight." "Ah, indeed," said the customer, "what's the trouble?" "Why, you see," said Barty, with great gravity, and an air of extreme vexation, "you see I have made a mistake—I never made such a blunder before in my life—I have committed the ridiculous mistake of making both wheels for the same side; they are both off wheels." "Is it possible?" said the customer, who was thoroughly mystified, and allowed Barty another fortnight to finish the cart.

STRANGE HAIR-DRESSING.

The head-dress of the women of Myan-tse of Huquang, has something in it very odd and whimsical. They put on their heads a piece of light board, about a foot long and five or six inches broad, which they cover with their hair, fastening it with wax, so that they seem to have hats of hair. They can neither lean nor lie down, but by resting on their necks, and they are obliged to turn their heads continually to the right and the left on the roads, which in this country are full of woods and thickets. The difficulty is still greater when they would comb their hair, for they must be whole hours at the fire to melt the wax. After having cleaned their hair, which trouble they are at three or four times a year, they fall to dressing it up again as it was before. The Myan-tse think this dress very charming, especially for young women.